



A NEW SONG CALLED THE **PAPIST ASS**

On the 17th of March brave boys I carelessly did stray,
I heard a papist donkey & most mournful was his bray,
I'm destitute of comfort & my heart is full of grief,
Since I parted with my native rights I can find no relief.

Oh my cruel master why did you part with me,
You sold your Ass & tacklings for a trifle of money.
You sold me to a O a g man with his passed your note,
It grieves me to the heart my doys I'm called a turncoat.

The first place that they tooked me it was a cruel place,
It was for to draw rubbish away from the church gate,
I thought that I was dead they loaded me so heavy,
Then I was knocked down by O auge Ned the Brunswicke

Then secondly I was sold unto another mistress,
She was a dear relation unto the virgin Beas
With her long countenance she stoops upon the floor,
Her nose Would make a knocker or an orangemans door.

She says my papist donkey why cry for repeal.
I'll keep you well in slavery & give but one meal.
O ed y you want be idle you must renounce the mass,
And turn to one bible then will keep the papist ass.

He says go away you heretic your bible steps I scorn,
For I was in the stable where our Saviour he was born
I serve it on my shoulders he marked me with his grace,
Where an orangeman dare wear it on his face.

Then come all you gallant Irish lads when you get leave
to play,
Rather use me tenderly when you meet me on the way,
Rather use me tenderly as long as ere you live,
For you know right well in your heart I hate an orangeman

Then all you lads & lasses g y now fill y flowing glass,
Come drink on a becom ereed & out forget the Ass,
For we may be short ly g y yet i syleadour to be seen,
At home i s too blessed stor on where they s l i s grogra

